

The last Newes from France.

Being a true Relation of the escape of the King of Scots from Worcester to London, and from London to France, who was conveyed away by a young Gentleman in womans apparel: The King of Scots attending on this supposed Gentlewoman in manner of a Servingman.

The tune is, When the King enjoues his own again,



ALL you that do desire to know
What is become of the King of Scots
I unto you will truly shew,
After the fight of the Northern Rats
When I did convey
His Highnesse away,
And from all dangers set him free,
In womans attire,
As reason did require.
And the King himself did wait on me.

He of me a service did crave,
and ofter-times to me shod bear,
In womans apparel he was most brave
and on his chin he had no hair,
Where ever I came
My speeches did frame,
So well my Waiting-man to see,
The like was never known,
I think by any one.
For the King &c.

My Waiting man a I well had,
which I for want o' Money sold,
Because my Fortune was so bad,
wee turn'd our Jew ll into Gold,
A god Chist indeed,
In time of our need.
Then glad was I and glad was he,
Our cause it did advance,
Untill wee came to France,
And the King, &c.

Wee walked through Westminster-hall,
where Law and Justice doth take place
Our grie was great our comfort small,
wee looke grifm death all in the face.
I looked round about,
And made no other doubt.
But I and my man shold taken be,
The people little knew,
As I may tell to you,
That the King himself did wait on me.

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From thence we went to the fatal place
where his Father lost his life.
And there my man did weep apace,
and sorrow with him then was nise,
I bid him peace.

Let sorrow cease.

For fear that we should taken be.

The gallants in Wherhall,
D'd little kno'v at all,

That the King himself did wait on me.

The King he was my Herkingman,
and thus the plot we did contrive,
I wert by the name of Mistresse Ann
when we tooke water at Queen. hive,

A boat there we took,

And London forsook.

And now in France arrived are we,

We got away by stealth,

And the King is in good health,

And he shall no longer wait on me.

The King of Denmark's dead they say,
then Char's is like to rule the Land,

In France he will no longer stay
as I do rightly understand.

That Land is his due

If they be but true,
And he with them do well agree,
I heard a Bird sing.
If he be once their King,
my man will then my Master be.
Now heaven grant them better successe
with their young King then England had
Free from warr and from distresse,
their Fortune may not be so bad.
Since the case thus stands
Let neigbouring Lands
Lay down their arms and at quiet be
Waites for my part
I'm glad withall my heart
That my man must now my Master be,
And thus I have declar'd to you
by wha means wee esc. p'd awa
Now wee bid our cares adieu
tho'gh the King did loose the day
To him I was true,
And th't well he knew
Tis God that must his comfort be
else all our policy
had bin but folley
For the King no longer waits on me,

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